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T R O I L U S

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C R E S S I D A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXIV,



THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the Scene : From Isles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high Blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens sent their Ships,
Fraught with the Ministers and Instruments
Of cruel War : Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crowns Regal from th' Athenian Bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their Vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps, and that's the Quarrel.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their warlike Fraughtage : Now on Dardan Plains,
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks, do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's six-gated City,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus, with massy Staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts,
Stir up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish Spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's Pen, or Actor's Voice ; but suited
In like Conditions, as our Argument ;
To tell you (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those Broils,
Beginning in the middle : Starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play :
Like, or find Fault, do as your Pleasures are,
New good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of War.

Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,

TROJANS.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites,
Calchas,

GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to Menelaus, in Love with Paris.*

Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*

Cressida, *Daughter to Calchas, in Love with Troilus.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE Troy and the Grecian Camp.

TROI



TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.



ALL here my Varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the Walls
of Troy, [think]
That find such cruel Battle here wi-
Each Trojan that is Master of his Heart,
Let him to Field, *Troilus* alas hath none.
Pan. Will this Geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
Strength,

Fierce to their Skill, and to their Fierceness valiant.
But I am weaker than a Woman's Tear,
Tamer than Sleep, sonder than Ignorance,

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Less valiant than the Virgin in the Night,
And skilless as unpractis'd Infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a Cake out of the Wheat, must needs tarry the Grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried? [ting.

Pan. Ah, the Grinding; but you must tarry the Boul-

Troi. Have I not tarried? [ning.

Pan. Ay, the Boulting; but you must tarry the Leav'-

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the Leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your Lips.

Troi. Patience her self, what Goddesses e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at Sufferance, than I do:
At Priam's Royal Table I do sit;
And when fair *Cressid* comes into my Thoughts—
So, Traitor!—When she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well,
She look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look,
Or any Woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my Heart,
As wedged with a Sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest *Hector*, or my Father should perceive me,
I have (as when the Sun doth light a Storm)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But Sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming Gladness,
Is like that Mirth Fate turns to sudden Sadness.

Pan. And her Hair were not somewhat darker than *He-*
len's--well go to, there were no more Comparifon be-
tween the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswoman,
I would not (as they term it) praise it--but I would some
Body had heard her talk yesterday as I did: I will not
dispraise your Sister *Cassandra's* Wit, but—

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*—
When I do tell thee, there my Hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many Fathoms deep
They lye intrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 7

In *Cressid's* Love. Thou answer'st, she is Fair,
 Pour'st in the open Ulcer of my Heart,
 Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice,
 Handest in thy Discourse—O that! her Hand!—
 (In whose Comparison, all Whites are Ink
 Writing their own Reproach) to whose soft seizure
 The Cignets down is harsh, and Spirit of Sense
 Hard as the Palm of Ploughman. This thou tell'st me;
 As true thou tell'st me; when I say I love her:
 But saying thus, instead of Oil and Balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that Love hath given me,
 The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than Truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
 is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; and she be not,
 she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought
 on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone between and
 between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is Kin to me, therefore she's not so
 fair as *Helen*; and she were not Kin to me, she would be as
 fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I
 care not and she were a Black-a-more, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool
 to stay behind her Father: Let her to the *Greeks*,
 and so I'll tell her the next time I see her; for my
 part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*—

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me, I will leave
 all as I found it, and there's an end. {*Exit Pandarus.*
 [Sound Alarum.

Troi. Peace, you ungracious Clamours, peace rude Sounds,
 Fools on both sides. *Helen* must needs be fair,
 When with your Blood you daily paint her thus.

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I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too starv'd a Subject for my Sword:
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandarus*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
And she is stubborn, chaste, against all sute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* Love,
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her Bed is *India*, there she lyes, a Pearl;
Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides
Let it be call'd the mild and wandering Flood,
Our self the Merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*
Our doubtful Hope, our Convoy, and our Bark.

Alarum.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus*?

Wherefore not i' th' Field?

Troi. Because not there; this Woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence:

What News, *Æneas*, from the Field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to Scorn.

Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* Horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark, what good Sport is out of Town to-day:

Troi. Better at home, if Would I might, were May—
But to the Sport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cressida and a Servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to the Eastern Tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the Vale,
To see the Battle; *Hector*, whose Patience
Is as a Virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and struck his Armorer,
And like as there were Husbandry in War,
Before the Sun rose, he was harvest light,

And

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And to the field goes he ; where ev'ry Flower
Did as a Prophet weep what it foresaw,
In *Hector's* Wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of Anger ?

Ser. The noise goes this ; There is among the *Greeks*,
A Lord of *Trojan* Blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good ; and what of him ?

Ser. They say he is a very Man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cre. So do all Men, unless they are drunk, Sick, or
have no Legs.

Ser. This Man, Lady, hath robb'd many Beasts of their
particular Additions, he is as valiant as the *Lion*, churlish
as the *Bear*, slow as the *Elephant* ; a Man into whom Na-
ture hath so crouded Humours, that his Valour is crusht
into Folly, his Folly sauced with Discretion : There is no
Man hath a Virtue, that he hath not a Glimpse of, nor any
Man an Attaint, but he carries some Stain of it. He is
melancholy without Cause, and merry against the Hair ;
he hath the Joints of every thing, but every thing so out
of Joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many Hands and
no use ; or purblinded *Argus*, all Eyes and no Sight.

Cre. But how should this Man (that makes me smile)
make *Hector* angry ?

Ser. They say, he Yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the Battel
and struck him down, the Disdain and Shame whereof
hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Ser. Madam, your Uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant Man.

Ser. As may be in the World, Lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cre. Good morrow, Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, Cousin *Cressid* : what do you talk
of ? good morrow, *Alexander* ; how do you, Cousin ?
when were you at *Ilium* ?

Cre. This Morning, Uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came ? Was

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Hector arm'd and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium* ? *Helen* was not up ? was she ?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so ; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his Anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so ; I know the cause too, he'll lay about him to Day I can tell them that ; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus* ; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, *Troilus* ?

Troilus is the better Man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter* ; there's no Comparison.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hector* ? do you know a Man if you see him ?

Cre. Ay, if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say, as I say,

For I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus* in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself ? alas poor *Troilus* ! I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself ? no, he's not himself, would he were himself ; well, the Gods are above, time must friend or end ; well, *Troilus*, well, I would my Heart were in her Body——no, *Hector* is not a better Man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is Elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't, you shall tell me another Tale when th' other's come to't : *Hector* shall not have his Wit this Year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own,

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan.

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Pan. Nor his Beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no Judgment, Neice; *Helen* her self swore th' other Day, that *Troilus* for a brown Favour, (for so 'tis I must confess) not brown neither—

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith to say Truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the Truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his Complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath Colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him above, his Complexion is higher than his, he having Colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a Praise for a good Complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden Tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper Nose.

Pan. I swear to you,
I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other Day into the compast Window; and you know he has not past three or four Hairs on his Chin.

Cre. Indeed a Tapster's Arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a Total.

Pan. Why he is very Young, and yet will he within three Pound lift as much as his Brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a Man, and so old a Lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white Hand to his cloven Chin.

Cre. *Juno* have Mercy, how came it Cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled.

I think his smiling becomes him better, than any Man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, and 'twere a Cloud in Autumn.

Pan. Why go to then—but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the Proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan.

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Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteems her no more, than I esteem an addle Egg.

Cre. If you love an addle Egg, as well as you love an idle Head, you would eat Chickens i' th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his Chin; indeed she has a *Marvel's* white Hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without a Rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white Hair on his Chin.

Cre. Alas, poor Chin! many a Wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing, *Queen Hecuba* laught that her Eyes run o'er.

Cre. With Millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate Fire under the pot of her Eyes; Did her Eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the White Hair, that *Helen* spied on *Troilus's* Chin.

Cre. And t'had been a green Hair, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the Hair as at his pretty Answer.

Cre. What was his Answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but two and fifty Hairs on your Chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her Question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that: Two and fifty Hairs, quoth he, and one white, that white Hair is my Father, and all the rest are his Sons. *Jupiter*, quoth she, which of these Hairs is *Paris*, my Husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: But there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,

For it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well. Cousin,

I told you a thing Yesterday; think on't.

Cre.

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Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true ; he will weep an 'twere
a Man born in *April*, [Sound a Retreat.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his Tears, as 'twere a Nettle
against *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the Fie'd, shall we
stand up here and see them, as they pass towards *Ilium* ?
good Neice do, sweet Neice *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent Place, here we
may see most bravely, I'll tell you them all by their
Names, as they pass by, but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Aeneas passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Aeneas* ; is not that a brave Man ! he's one
of the Flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you, but mark *Troilus*,
you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that ?

Antenor passes over the Stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd Wit, I can tell
you, and he's a Man good enough, he's one o' th' soundest
Judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper Man of Per-
son ; when comes *Troilus* ? I'll shew you *Troilus* anon ; if
he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do the Rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that, there's
a Fellow ! Gath' way, *Hector*, there's a brave Man, Neice,
O brave *Hector* ! Look how he looks ? there's a Counte-
nance ! is't not a brave Man ?

Cre. O brave Man !

Pan. Is he not ? It does a Man's Heart good, look you
what hacks are on his Helmet, look you yonder, do you
see ? Look you there ? There's no jesting ; laying on,
take't off who will, as they say ; there he hacks.

Cre. Be those with Swords ?

Paris

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Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, and the Devil come to him, it's all one ; by Godslid it does ones Heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris* : Look ye yonder, Neice, is't not a gallant Man too, is't not ? Why, this is brave now : Who said he came home hurt to Day ? He's not hurt ; why, this will do *Helen's* Heart good now, ha ? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that ?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is, that's *Helenus*—I think he went not forth to Day ; that's *Helenus*,

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, Uncle ?

Pan. *Helenus*, no—Yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel where *Troilus* is ; hark, do you not hear the People cry *Troilus* ? *Helenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking Fellow comes yonder ?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where ! Yonder ? That's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus* ! There's a Man, Neice—hem—brave *Troilus* ; the Prince of Chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace:

Pan. Mark him, note him : O brave *Troilus* : Look well upon him, Neice, look you how his Sword is bloodied, and his Helm more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes ! O admirable Youth ! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way ; had I a Sister were a Grace, or a Daughter a Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable Man ! *Paris* ? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change would give Mony to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, Fools, Dolts, Chaff and Bran, Chaff and Bran, Porridge after Meat. I could live and dye i'th' Eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look ; the Eagles are gone, Crows and Daws, Crows and Daws : I had rather be such a Man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks *Achilles*, a better Man than *Troilus*.

Pan.

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Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camel.
Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—Why, have you any Discretion? Have you any Eyes? Do you know what a Man is? Is not Birth, Beauty, good Shape, Discourse, Manhood, Learning, Gentleness, Virtue, Youth, Liberality, and so forth, the Spice and Salt that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd Man, and then be bak'd with no date in the Pye, for then the Man's date is out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my Back to defend my Belly; upon my Wit to defend my Wiles; upon my Secresie, to defend mine Honesty; my Mask to defend my Beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these Wards I lye, at a thousand Watches.

Pan. Say one of your Watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house.

Pan. Good Boy, tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt.
 Fare ye well, good Niece.

Cre. Adieu, Uncle—

Pan. I'll be with you, Niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, Uncle.

Pan. Ay, a Token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token, you are a Bawd. [*Exit Pan.*]
 Words, Vows, Gifts, Tears, and Love's full Sacrifice,
 He offers in another's Enterprize:
 But more in Troilus thousand fold I see,
 Than in the Glass of Pandar's Praise may be.
 Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
 Things won are done, the Soul's joy lyes in doing:

That

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That she belov'd, knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That she, was never yet, that ever knew
Love go so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
Therefore this Maxim out of Love I teach;
That though my Heart Content's firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine Eyes appear. [Exit.

S C E N E Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

*Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes,
Menelaus, with others.*

Agam. Princes;
What Grief hath set the Jaundise on your Cheeks?
The ample Proposition that hopes make
In all Designs begun on Earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of Actions highest rear'd,
As knots by the conflux of meeting Sap,
Infect the sound Pine, and divert his Grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That after seven Years Siege, yet Troy Walls stand;
Sith every Action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, Trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied Figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with Cheeks abash'd, behold our Works,
And think them shame, which are indeed, nought else
But the protractive Trials of great *Love*,
To find persistive Constancy in Men?
The fineness of which Metal is not found
In Fortune's love; for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wise and Fool, the Artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;

But in the Wind and Tempest of her Frown,
 Distinction with a loud and powerful Fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath Mass, or Matter by it self,
 Lies rich in Virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godly Seat,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
 Thy latest Words. In the reproof of Chance
 Lies the true proof of Men: The Sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble Boats dare sail
 Upon her patient Breast, making their way
 With those of noble Bulk?

But let the Russian *Boreas* once enrage
 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
 The strong ribb'd Bark thro' liquid Mountains cuts,
 Bounding between the two moist Elements,
 Like *Perseus* Horse: Where's then the sawcy Boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd Greatness? Either to harbour fled,
 Or made a Toast for *Neptune*. Even so,
 Doth Valour's shew, and Valour's worth divide
 In storms of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightness,
 The Herd hath more annoyance by the Brize
 Than by the Tyger: But, when the splitting Wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oaks,
 And Flies fled under shade, why then
 The thing of Courage,
 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same Key,
 Retires to chiding Fortune.

Ulys. *Agamemnon*,
 Thou great commander, Nerve and Bone of Greece,
 Heart of our Numbers, Soul, and only Spirit,
 In whom the Tempers and the Minds of all
 Should be shut up: Hear what *Ulysses* speaks.
 Besides th' Applause and Approbation
 The which, most Mighty for thy Place and Merit, [*To Aga.*
 And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out Life, [*To Nest.*
 I give to both your Speeches, which were such,

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As *Agamemnon* and the Hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in Brass; and such again
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of Air, strong as the Axle-tree
On which the heavens ride, knit all *Greeks* Ears
To his experienc'd Tongue: Yet let it please both
(Thou great and Wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Ag. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*: and be't of less expect,
That matter needless, of importless Burthen
Divide thy Lips; then we are confident,
When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff Jaws,
We shall hear Musick, Wit, and Oracle.

Ulys. Troy, yet upon his Basis, had been down,
And the great *Hector's* Sword had lack'd a Master,
But for these instances.

The speciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And look how many *Grecian* Tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow Factions,
When that the General is not like the hive,
To whom the Foragers shall all repair,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the Mask.
The Heav'ns themselves, the Planets, and this Center,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Infigure, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet *Sol*,
In noble Eminence, enthron'd and spear'd
Amidst the other, whose medicinable Eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets evil,
And posts like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what Portents, what Mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calm of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is shaken,
(Which is the Ladder to all high Designs)

The

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 19

The Enterprize is sick. How could Communities,
 Degrees in Schools, and Brotherhoods in Cities,
 Peaceful Commerce from dividable Shores,
 The Primogenitive, and due of Birth,
 Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
 (But by Degree) stand in Authentick Place?
 Take but degree away, untune that String,
 And hark what Discord follows; each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy. The bounded Waters
 Would lift their Bosoms higher than the Shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid Globe:
 Strength would be Lord of Imbecility,
 And the rude Son would strike his Father dead:
 Force would be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong
 (Between whose endless jar Justice resides)
 Would lose their Names, and so would Justice too.
 Then every thing includes it self in Power,
 Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
 And Appetite (an universal Wolf,
 So doubly seconded with Will and Power)
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last, eat up himself. Great *Agamemnon*,
 This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:

And this neglect of Degree is it,
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The *Agamemnon* disdain'd
 By him one step below, he by the next;
 That next by him beneath: So every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace, that is sick
 Of his Superior, grows to an envious Feaver
 Of pale and bloodless Emulation.
 And 'tis this Feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
 Not her own Sinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
 The Feaver, whereof all our Power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
 What is the Remedy?

Ulys. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
 The

The Sinew, and the Fore-hand of our Host,
 Having his Ear full of his airy Fame,
 Grows dainty of his Worth, and in his Tent
 Lies mocking our Designs. With him *Patroclus*,
 Upon a lazy Bed, the live-long day
 Breaks scurril Jests;
 And with ridiculous and aukward Action,
 (Which, Slanderer, he Imitation calls)
 He Pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
 Thy topleess Deputation he puts on;
 And like a strutting Player, whose Conceit
 Lies in his Ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden Dialogue and Sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing, and the Scaffoldage,
 (Such to be-pitied, and o'er-rested seeming
 He acts thy Greatness in) and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a Chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd;
 Which from the Tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
 Would seem Hyperboles, At this fustly stuff
 The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
 From his deep Chest, laughs out a loud Applause:
 Cries—excellent! —'tis *Agamemnon* just. —
 Now play me *Nestor*—hum, and stroke thy Beard:
 As he, being drest to some Oration,
 That's done; as near as the extremest Ends
 Of Parallels; as like as *Vulcan* and his Wife:
 Yet good *Achilles* still cries, Excellent!
 'Tis *Nestor* right! Now play him, me, *Patroclus*,
 Arming to answer in a Night-alarm—
 And then forsooth, the faint defects of Age
 Must be the Scene of Mirth, to cough and spit,
 And with a Palsie fumbling on his Gorget,
 Shake in and out the Rivet—and at this sport,
 Sir Valour dies; cries, O! —enough *Patroclus*—
 Or, give me Ribs of Steel, I shall split all
 In pleasure of my Spleen. And in this fashion
 All our Abilities, Gifts, Natures, Shapes,
 Severals and generals of Grace exact,
 Atchievements, Plots, Orders, Preventions,
 Excitements to the Field, or Speech for Truce,

Success

Success or Loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two, to make Paradoxes.

Nest. And in the Imitation of these twain,
Who, as *Ulysses* says, Opinion crowns
With an Imperial Voice, many are infect:
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his Head,
In such a Rein, is full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feasts, rails on our state of War,
Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*,
A Slave (whose Gall coins Slanders like a Mint)
To match us in Comparisons with Dirt,
To weaken and discredit our Exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our Policy, and call it Cowardise,
Count Wisdom as no Member of the War,
Fore-stall our Prescience, and esteem no Act,
But that of Hand: The still and mental Parts,
That do contrive how many Hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant Toil, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a Finger's dignity;
They call this Bed-work, Mapp'ry, Closet-War:
So that the Ram, that batters down the Wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his Hand that made the Engine,
For those that with the fineness of their Souls,
By Reason guide his Execution.

Nest. Let this be grant d, and *Achilles* Horse
Makes many *Thetis*' Sons.

[Tucket sounds.]

Aga. What Trumpet? Look *Menelaus*.

Men. From Troy.

Enter *Aeneas*.

Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnon*'s Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Aene. May one that is a Herald and a Prince,
To a fair Message to his Kingly Ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than *Achilles* Arm,
Fore all the *Greekish* Heads, which with one Voice

Call

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Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Aene. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A Stranger to those most Imperial Looks,
Know them from Eyes of other Mortals?

Aga. How?

Aene. Ay: I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And on the Cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as Morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*:

Which is that God in Office, guiding Men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the Men of *Troy*
Are Ceremonious Courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seem Soldiers, they have Galls,
Good Arms, strong Joints, true Swords, and *Jove's* accord,
Nothing so full of Heart. But peace, *Aeneas*,
Peace *Trojan*, lay thy Finger on thy Lips.
The worthiness of Praise distains his worth,
If that he prais'd himself, bring the Praise forth:
What the repining Enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that Praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your self, *Aeneas*?

Aene. Ay, *Greek*, that is my Name.

Aga. What's your affair I pray you?

Aene. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon's* Ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately
That comes from *Troy*,

Aene. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him;
I bring a Trumpet to awake his Ear,
To set his Sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the Wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet blow loud:
Send thy bra's Voice thro' all these lazy Tents,
And every *Greek* of Mettle, let him know

Wh

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 23

What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[The Trumpets sound.]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father :
Who in this dull and long continu'd Truce
Is rusty grown, he bade me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speak : Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his Honour higher than his Ease,
That seeks his Praise, more than he fears his Peril,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear,
That loves his Mistress more than in Confession,
(With truant Vows to her own Lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty and her Worth,
In other Arms than hers ; to him this Challenge
Hector in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*

shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his Arms,
And will to-Morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway between your Tents, and Walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.

If any come, *Hector* shall Honour him :
If none, he'll say in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are Sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance ; even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our Lovers, Lord *Aeneas*.
If none of them have Soul in such a kind,
We've lft them all at home : But we are Soldiers ;
And may that Soldier a meer Recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love ;
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector* ; if none, I'll be he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor* ; one that was a Man
When *Hector's* Grandfire suckt ; he is old now,
If there be not in our *Grecian* mold,
The Nobleman, that hath one spark of Fire,
To answer for his Love : tell him from me,
I'll hide my Silver Beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vauntbrace put this wither'd brawn,

And

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And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his Grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the World; his Youth is flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of Blood.

Aene. Now Heav'ns forbid such scarcity of Youth,

Ulys. Amen.

Ag. Fair Lord *Aeneas*,
Let me touch your Hand:
To our Pavillion shall I lead you first:
Achilles shall have word of this Intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent;
Your self shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a Noble Foe. [*Exeunt*]
Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulys. *Nestor.*

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulys. I have a young Conception in my Brain,
Be you my Time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulys. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges-rive hard knots; the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a Nursery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulys. This Challenge that the valiant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general Name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as Substance,
Whose grossness little Characters sum up,
And in the publication make no strain:
But that *Achilles*, were his Brain as barren
As Banks of *Lydia*, tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough; will with great speed of Judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the Answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honour off,

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA. 25

If not *Achilles*? Thought't be a sportful Combat,
 Yet in this Trial much Opinion dwells.
 For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
 With their fin'st Palate: And trust to me, *Ulysses*,
 Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
 In this wild Action. For the success,
 Although particular, shall have a scantling
 Of good or bad, unto the General:
 And in such Indexes, although small Pricks
 To their subsequent Volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the Giant-mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choice;
 And choice being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes Merit her Election, and doth boil
 As 'twere from forth us all; a Man distill'd
 Out of our Virtues; who miscarrying,
 What Heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part
 To steel a strong Opinion to themselves,
 Which entertain'd, Limbs are his Instruments,
 In no less working, than the Swords and Bows
 Directive by the Limbs.

Ulys. Give pardon to my Speech;
 Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
 Let us like Merchants, shew our foulest Wares,
 And think perchance they'll sell; if not,
 The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
 Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
 That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
 For both our Honour, and our shame in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old Eyes: What are they?

Ulys. What Glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
 Were he not proud, we all should wear with him;
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his Eyes,
 Should he scape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
 Why then we did our main Opinion crush
 In taint of our best Man. No, make a Lott'ry,

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And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
 The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selves,
 Give him allowance as the worthier Man,
 For that will Physick the great *Myrmidon*,
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
 His Crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
 If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in Voices; if he fail,
 Yet go we under our Opinion still,
 That we have better Men. But hit or miss,
 Our Project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles* Plumes.
Nest. Now *Ulysses*, I begin to relish thy advice,
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight;
 Two Curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tar the Mastiffs on, as 'twere their Bone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Grecian Camp.*

Enter Ajax and Therfites.

Ajax. *Therfites.*
Ther. *Agamemnon*—how if he had Biles
 full, all over generally. [*Talking to himself.*]

Ajax. *Therfites.*

Ther. And those Biles did run ——— say so ———
 did not the General run, were not that a Botchy core?

Ajax. Dog.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
 I see none now.

Ajax. Thou Bitch-Wolf's Son, canst thou not hear?
 Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The Plague of Greece upon thee, thou Mungrel
 beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, you whinid't leaven, speak, I
 will beat thee into handsomness.

Ther.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 27

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy Horse will sooner con an Oration, than thou learn a Prayer without Booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murrain o'thy Jades ticks.

Ajax. Tords-stool, learn me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt

Ajax. The Proclamation. [me thus?

Ther. Thou art proclan'd a Fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, Porcupine, do not; my Fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from Head to Foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the leaſt ſom't ſcab in Greece.

Ajax. I ſay, the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and rail'eſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of Envy at his Greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* Beauty. I, that thou baſeſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites*.

Ther. Thou ſhoul'd'ſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaſ.

Ther. He would pun thee into Shivers with his Fiſt, as a Sailor breaks a Biſket.

Ajax. You whorſon Cur. [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a Witch.

Ther. Ay, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more Brain than I have in my Elbows: An *Aſinico* may outor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant Aſs, thou art here but to thresh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* Slave. If thou uſe to eat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by Inches, thou thing of no Bowels, thou.

Ajax. You Dog.

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord.

Ajax. You Cur. [Beating him.

Ther. Mars his Idiot; do Rudneſs, do Camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? how now, *Therſites*? what's the matter, Man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the Matter?

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Ther. Nay look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for who-
soever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, Fool.

Ther. Ay, but that Fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he utters, his
Evasions have Ears thus long. I have bobb'd his Brain
more than he has beat my Bones: I will buy nine Spar-
rows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth
Part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who
we rs his wit in his Belly, and his Guts in his Head, I'll
tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax* offers to strike him, *Achilles* interposes,

Ther. I say, this *Ajax* ———

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much Wit ———

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* Needle, for whom
he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, Fool.

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the Fool
will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd Cur, I shall ———

Achil. Will you set your Wit to a Fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a Fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good Words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the Quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile Owl, go learn me the tenure of
the Proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last Service was sufferance, 'twas not vo-
luntary, no Man is beaten volun ary: *Ajax* was here the
voluntary, and you as under an Impress.

Ther.

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Ther. Ev'n so — a great deal of your Wit too lies in your Sinews, or else there be Liars: *Hector* will have a great catch, if he knock out either of your Brains, he were as good crack a fusty Nut with no Kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandfathers had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft Oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to —

Ajax. I shall cut out your Tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles's* Brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles, ere I come any more to your Tents, I will keep where there is Wit stirring, and leave the Faction of Fools. [Exit.]

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd thro' all our Host, That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun, Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some Knight to Arms, That hath a Stomach, and such a one that dare Maintain I know not what: 'Tis Trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lott'ry; otherwise He knew his Man.

Ajax. O, meaning you, I will go learn more of it. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many Hours, Lives, Speeches spent, Thus once again says *Nestor* from the Greeks, Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else 'Tis Honour, loss of Time, Travel, Expence, Wounds, Friends, and what else dear, that is consum'd

30 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

In her digestion of this Cormorant War)

Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Pect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as touches my particular; yet, dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more softer Bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, Who knows what follows,
Than *Hector* is; the wound of Peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The Beacon of the wise; the Tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.

Since the first Sword was drawn about this Question,
Every Tithed Soul 'mongst many thousand disarms,
Hath been as dear as *Helen*, I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many Tenths of ours

To guard a thing not ours, nor worthious
(Had it our Name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my Brother:

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great is our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters sum
The vast proportion of his Infinite?
And buckle in a waste, most fathomless,
With Spans and Inches so diminutive,
As Fears and Reasons? Fie for godly shame.

Hel. No marvel, tho' you bite so sharp at Reasons,
You are empty of them, Should not our Father
Bear the great sway of his Affairs with Reasons,
Because your Speech hath none that tells him so?

Troi. You are for Dreams and Slumbers, Brother priest,
You sur your gloves with reasons: Here are your reasons,
You know an Enemy intends you harm:
You know, a Sword employ'd is perillous,
And Reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when *Helen* beholds
A Grecian and his Sword, if he do set
The very wings of Reason to his Heels;
Or like a Star disorb'd. ——— Nay, if we talk of Reason,

And

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And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Let's shut out Gates and sleep: Manhood and Honour
Should have hard Hearts, would they but sat their
With this cramm'd reason: Reason and Respect [thoughts
Make Lovers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Heft. Brother, she is not worth
What she doth cost the holding.

Troi. What's ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Heft. But Value dwells not in particular Will,
It holds his Estimate and Dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the prize: 'Tis made Idolatry,
To make the Service greater than the God;
And the will dotes that is inclinable
To what infectionally it self affects,
Without some Image of th' affected Merit.

Troi. I take to day a Wife, and my Election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
My Will enkindled in mine Eyes and Ears
Two trading Pilots 'twixt the dangerous Shores
Of Will and Judgment. How may I avoid
(Although my Will distaste what is elected)
The Wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by Honour.
We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant,
When we have spoil'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in unrespective Place,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some Vengeance on the *Greeks*:
Your Breath of full content bellied his Sails,
The Seas and Winds (old Wranglers) took a truce,
And did him Service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt, whom the *Greeks* held Captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles *Apolla's*, and make stale the Morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our Aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a Pearl,
Whose Price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas Wisdom, *Paris* went,

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(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, Go, go :)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble Prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
 And cry'd, Inestimable;) why do you now
 The issue of your proper Wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that Fortune never did,
 Begger the Estimation, which you priz'd
 Richer than Sea and Land? O These most base!
 That we have stoln what we do fear to keep.
 But Thieves, unworthy of a thing so stoln,
 That in their Country did them that Disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native Place.

Enter Cassandra with her Hair about her Ears.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry.

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad Sister, I do know her Voice.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*.

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

Cas. Cry *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand Eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetick Tears.

Hect. Peace, Sister, Peace.

Cas. Virgins and Boys, mid-Age and wrinkled Old,
 Soft Infancy, that nothing can but cry,
 Add to my Clamour: Let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of Moan to come,
 Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practise your Eyes with Tears,
 Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilion* stand,
 Our Fire-brand Brother *Paris* burns us all,
 Cry, *Trojans*, cry, a *Helen* and a *Wo*;
 Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [Exit.]

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not the high Strains
 Of Divination in our Sister work
 Some touches of Remorse? Or is your Blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of Reason,
 Nor fear of bad Success in a bad Cause,
 Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, Brother *Hector*,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than Event doth form it;
 Nor once desert the Courage of our Minds,

Because

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Because *Cassandra's* mad; her brain-sick Raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a Quarrel,
Which hath our several Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* Sons;
And *Jove* forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest Spleen,
To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Else might the World convince of Levity,
As well my Undertakings, as your Counsels:
But I attest the Gods, your full consent
Gave Wings to my Propension, and cut off
All Fears attending on so dire a Project.
For what, alas, can these my single Arms?
What Propugnation is in one Man's Valour,
To stand the Push and Enmity of those
This Quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the Difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. *Paris*, you speak
Like one-besotted on your sweet Delights;
You have the Honey still, but these the Gall;
So to be valiant, is no Praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself,
The Pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the Soil of her fair Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great Worths, and Shame to me,
Now to deliver her Possession up,
On terms of base Compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set foot within your generous Bosoms?
There's not the meanest Spirit on our Party,
Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: Nor none so Noble,
Whose Life were ill bestow'd, or Death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the Subject. Then, I say.

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Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The World's large Spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well:
And on the Cause and Question, now in hand,
Have gloss'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young Men, whom graver Sages think
Unfit to hear moral Philosophy.

The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot Passion of distemper'd Blood,
Than to make up a free Determination
Twixt Right and Wrong: For Pleasure and Revenge,
Have Ears more deaf than Adders, to the voice
Of any true Decision. Nature craves

All Dues be rendred to their Owners; now
What nearer Debt in all Humanity,
Than Wife is to the Husband? If this Law
Of Nature be corrupted through Affection,
And that great Minds, of partial Indulgence
To their benumbed Wills, resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-order'd Nation,
To curb those raging Appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If *Helen* then be Wife to *Sparta's* King,
(As it is known she is) these moral Laws
Of Nature, and of Nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* Opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet nevertheless,
My sprightly Brethren, I profess to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
For 'tis a Cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several Dignities.

Troi. Why there, you touch'd the Life of our Designs:
Were it not Glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving Spleens,
I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* Blood
Spent more in her Defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a Theam of Honour and Renown,
A Spur to valiant and magnanimous Deeds,

Whose

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Whose present Courage may beat down our Foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd Glory,
As smiles upon the Forehead of this Action,
For the wide World's Revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant Offspring of great *Priamus*,
I have a roisting Challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will strike Amazement to their drowsy Spirits.
I was advertis'd, their great General slept,
Whilst Emulation in the Army crept:
This I presume will wake him. [Exit.

SCENE II. The Grecian Camp.

Enter *Thersites* solus.

How now, *Thersites*? what, lost in the Labyrinth of
thy Fury? Shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? He
beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy Satisfaction!
would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst
he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to Conjure and raise
Devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful Execrations.
Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer. If *Troy* be not
taken 'till these two undermine it, the Walls will stand
'till they fall of themselves. O thou great Thunder-dar-
ter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of
Gods; and *Mercury* lose all the Serpentine Craft of thy
Caduceus, if thou take not that little, little, less than
little, wit from them that they have, which short-arm'd
Ignorance itself knows, is so abundant scarce, it will not
in Circumvention deliver a Fly from a Spider, without
drawing the massy Irons and cutting the Web: After
this, the Vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the
Bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the Curse dependant
on those that war for a Placker. I have said my Prayers,
and Devil, Envy, say Amen. What ho? my Lord
Achilles?

Enter

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Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembred a gilt Counter, thou would'st not have slip'd out of my Contemplation; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself. The common Curse of Mankind, Folly and Ignorance be thine in great Revenue; Heav'n bless thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not near thee. Let thy Blood be thy direction 'till thy Death, then if she that lays thee out, says thou art a fair Coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't. She never shrowded any but *Lazars*, Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a Prayer?

Ther. Ay, the Heav'ns hear me.

Enter *Achilles*.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why my Cheese, my Digestion — why hast thou not serv'd thyself up to my Table, so many Meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord, *Thersites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy Knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole Question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s Knower, and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patr. You Rascal —

Ther. Peace, Fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd Man. Proceed. *Thersites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool, *Achilles* is a Fool, *Thersites* is a Fool, and, as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites*

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Patroclus is a Fool to serve such a Fool, and *Patroclus* is a Fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a Fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcas.

Thor. Make that demand to thy Creator, it suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no Body: Come in with me, *Thersites*. [Exit.

Thor. Here is such Patchery, such Jugling, and such Knavery: all the Argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulacious Factions, and bleed to Death upon: Now the dry *Serpigo* on the Subject, and War and Letchery confound all.

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by

Our Appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told of, lest perchance he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[Exit.

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, Lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it Melancholy, if you will favour the man, but by my head, 'tis Pride; but why, why?—let him shew us the cause. A word, my Lord. [To Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulys. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites*?

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack Matter, if he have lost his Argument.

Ulys. No, you see he is his Argument, that has his Argument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better, this Faction is more our wish than their Faction; but it a strong Counsel that a Fool could disunite.

Ulys.

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Ulyf. The Amity that Wisdom knits not, Folly may easily untie.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyf. The Elephant hath Joints, but none for Courtesy,
His Legs are legs for necessity, not for flight.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your Sport and Pleasure,
Did move your Greatness, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your Health and your Digestion sake;
An after-Dinner's Breath.

Ag. Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with these Answers;
But his evasion wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outflie our Apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his Virtues,
(Not virtuously of his own part beheld)
Do in our Eyes begin to lose their Gloss;
And like fair Fruit in an unwholesom Dish,
Are like to rot untasted; go and tell him,
We come to speak with him, and you shall not sin,
If you do say, we think him over-proud,
And under-honest, in Self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself,
Here tend the Savage Strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy Strength of their command,
And under write in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish Lines, his Ebbs, his Flows; as if
The Passage and whole Carriage of this Action
Rode on his Tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That, if he over-hold his Price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an Engine
Not portable, lye under this Report.
Bring Action hither, this cannot go to War:
A stirring Dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a sleeping Giant; tell him so.

Patr.

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Patr. I shall, and bring his Answer presently. [Exit.]

Aga. In second Voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter you.

[Exit *Ulysses*.]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think he thinks himself a better Man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his Thought, and say, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a Man be proud? How doth Pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your Mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your Virtues the fairer; he that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own Glass, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle, and whatever praises itself but in the Deed, devours the Deed in the Praise.

Enter *Ulysses*.

Ajax. I do hate a proud Man, as I hate the engendering of Toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is't not strange?

Ulyss. *Achilles* will not to the Field to-Morrow.

Aga. What's his Excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the Stream of his Dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In Will peculiar, and in Self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his Person, and share the Air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as Nothing, for Requests sake only
He makes Important: Possess he is with Greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a Pride
That quarrels at Self-breath. Imagin'd Wrath
Holds in his Blood such swoln and hot Discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active Parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself; what should I say?

He

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He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his Tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your Request, a little from himself.

Ulys. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.

We'll consecrate the Steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his Arrogance with his own Seam,
And never suffers matter of the World
Enter his Thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminatè himself? Shall he be worship'd,
Of that we hold an Idol, more than he?
No, this Thrice Worthy, and Right Valiant Lord,
Must not so stale his Palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my Will assubjugate his Merit,
As amply Titled, as *Achilles*' is, by going to *Achilles*:
That were to enlard his Fat, already, Pride,
And add more Coles to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.

This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in Thunder, *Achilles* go to him.

Nest. O this is well, he rubs the Vein of him.

Dio. And how his Silence drinks up this Applause.

Ajax. If I go to him — with my armed Fist,
I'll pash him o'er the Face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. And he be proud with me, I'll peshè his Pride;
let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our Quarrel:

Ajax. A paultry Insolent Fellow —

Nest. How he describes himself.

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The Raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his Humours Blood.

Aga. He will be the Physician, that should be the Patient.

Ajax. And all Men were o' my Mind —

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax.

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Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat Swords first; shall Pride carry it?

Nest. And 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he's not yet through warm.

Nest. Force him with Praises, pour in, pour in, his Ambition is dry.

Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm. Here is a Man——but, 'tis before his Face——
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulys. Know the whole World, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson Dog! that shall palter thus with us——
would he were a *Trojan*.

Nest. What a Vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulys. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of Praise.

Ulys. Ay, or surly born.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected. (Composure;

Ulys. Thank the Heavens, Lord, thou art of a sweet Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of Nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all Erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy Arms to fight,

Let *Mars* divide Eternity in twain,

And give him half; and for thy Vigor,

Bull bearing *Milo* his addition yield

To Sinewy *Ajax*; I will not praise thy Wisdom,

Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated Parts; here's *Nestor*

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon, Father *Nestor*, were your Days

As green as *Ajax*, and your Brain so temper'd,

You

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You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulys. Ay, my good Son.

Dia. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There's no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; please it our General,
To call together all this State of War;
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to Morrow
We must with all our main of Power stand fast:
And here's a Lord (come Knights from East to West,
And cull their Flower) *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* sleep;
Light Boats may sail swift, though great bulks draw deep.
[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Troy*.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. Musick within.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you a word: Do not you follow
the young Lord *Paris*?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must
needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the State of Grace?

Pan. Grace, no, so, Friend, Honour and Lordship are
my Titles: What Musick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is Musick in parts.

Pan.

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Pan. Know you the Musicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the Hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, Friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love Musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, Friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these Men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris*, my Lord, who's there in Person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the Heart-blood of Beauty, Love's invisible Soul.

Pan. Who, my Cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her Attributes?

Pan. It should seem, Fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a Complimental Assault upon him, for my Business seethes.

Ser. Sudden Business, the e's a stew'd Phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen.

Pan. Fair be'to you, my Lord, and to all this fair Company: Fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair Thoughts be your fair Pillow.

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good Broken Musick.

Par. You have broken it, Cousin, and by my Life you shall make it whole again, you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of Harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have Business to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, will you vouchsafe me a Word?

Helen.

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Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out, well hear you sing certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen you are pleasant with me, but, marry thus, my Lord, my dear Lord, and most esteemed Friend, your Brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet Lord.

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to——
Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody :
If you do, our Melancholy upon your Head.

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen I' faith——

Helen. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower Offence.
Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth la. Nay I care not for such Words, no, no——

Pan. And, my Lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*.——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very, very sweet Queen ?

Par. What Exploit's in hand, where sups he to Night ?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord.

Pan. What says my sweet Queen ? my Couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide, come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord ; why should you say *Cressida* ?
No, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy ? Come, give me an Instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My Neice is horrible in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen.

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Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a Song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now; by my troth. sweet Lord thou hast a fine Fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy Song be Love: This Love will undo us
Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid. [all.]

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, Love, Love, nothing but Love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love, Love, nothing but Love, still more:

For O, Love's Bow

Shoots both Buck and Doe:

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,

But tickles still the Sore:

These Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;

Yet that which seems they wound to kill,

Doth turn oh ho, to ha ha he:

So dying Love lives still,

O ho a while, but ha ha ha;

O ho groans out for ha ha ha——hey ho.

Helen. In Love i'faith to the very tip of the Nose.

Par. He eats nothing but Doves, Love, and that breeds hot Blood, and hot Blood begets hot Thoughts, and hot Thoughts beget hot Deeds, and hot Deeds are Love.

Pan. Is this the Generation of Love? Hot Blood, hot Thoughts, and hot Deeds? why they are Vipers. Is Love a Generation of Vipers?

Sweet Lord, who's afield to Day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to Day, but my Nell would not have it so.

How chance my Brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the Lip at something; you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I honey sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to Day:

You'll

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You'll remember my Brother's Excuse?

Par. To a Hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your Niece.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen, [Exit. Sound a Retreat.

Par. They're come from field; let us to Priam's Hall,
To greet the Warriors. Sweet *Helen*, I must woo you,
To help unarm our *Hector*: His stubborn Buckles,
With these your white enchanting Fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of Steel,
Or force of *Greekish* Sinews; you shall do more
Than all the Island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be your Servant, *Paris*;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in Beauty than we have:
Yea, over shines our self.

Sweet above thought, I love thee. [Exeunt.

Enter *Pandarus* and *Troilus's* Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Master, at my Cousin
Cressida's?

Ser. No, Sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither,

Enter *Troilus*.

Pan. O, here he comes; How now, how now?

Troi. Sir, ah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my Cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her Door
Like a strange Soul upon the *Stygian* Banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me swift transporiance to those Fields,
Where I will wallow in the Lilly Beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid's* Shoulder pluck his painted Wings,
And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' Orchard, I'll bring her streight.

[Exit *Pandarus*.

Troi. I am giddy; Expectation whirles me round;
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my Sense; what will it be
When that the warty Palates taste indeed
Love's thrice reputed Nectar? Death, I fear me;

Sounding

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Sounding Destruction or some Joy too fine,
Too subtle, potent, and too sharp in Sweetness,
For the Capacity of my ruder Powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my Joys,
As doth a Battel when they charge on heaps
The Enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her Wind so short, as if she were fraid with a Sprite: I'll fetch her; it is the prettiest Villain, she fetches her breath so short as a new ta'en Sparrow. *[Exit Pan.]*

Troi. Even such a Passion doth embrace my Bosom:
My Heart bears thicker than a feverous Pulse,
And all my Powers do their bestowing lose,
Like Vassalage at unawares encountering
The Eye of Majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush?
Shame's a Baby; here she is now, swear the Oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again, you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways, and you draw backward we'll put you i'th' Files: Why do you not speak to her? Come draw this Curtain, and let's see your Picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? and were dark you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the Mistress: how now, a kiss in Fee-farm? build there, Carpenter, the Air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your Hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon has the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River: Go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all Words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no Debts, give her Deeds: But she'll ereave you o'th' Deeds too, if she call your Activity in question: What, billing again? here's in witness whereof the parties interchangeably—Come in, come in, I'll go get a Fire. *[Exit Pan.]*

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre.

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Cre. Wish, my Lord! the Gods grant—O, my Lord.

Troi. What should they grant; what makes this pretty
abruption; what too curious Dreg espies my sweet Lady
in the Fountain of our Love?

Cre. More Dregs than Water, if my Fears have Eyes.

Troi. Fears make Devils of Cherubims, they never see
truly.

Cre. Blind Fear, that seeing Reason leads, finds safer
footing than blind Reason stumbling without Fear; to fear
the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O let my Lady apprehend no Fear,
In all *Cupid's* Pageant there is presented no Monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but their Undertakings, when we vow
to weep Seas, live in Fire, eat Rocks, tame Tygers, think-
ing it harder for our Mistress to devise Imposition enough,
than for us to undergo any Difficulty imposed. This is
the monstrosity in Love, Lady, that the Will is infinite,
and the Execution confin'd; that the Desire is boundless,
and the Act a Slave to limit.

Cre. They say all Lovers swear more performance
than they are able, and yet reserve an Ability that they
never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten;
and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They
that have the Voice of Lions, and the act of Hares,
are they not Monsters?

Troi. Are these such? such are not we: Praise us as
we are tasted, allow us as we prove: Our Head shall go
bare, 'till Merit crown it; no Perfection in reversion shall
have a Praise in present; we will not name Desert before
his Birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble;
few Words to fair Faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as
what Envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his Truth;
and what Truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking
yet?

Cre. Well, Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to
you.

Pan.

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Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your Hostages; your Uncle's Word and my firm Faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my Word for her too; our Kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant being won: They are Burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me Heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and Day, For many weary Months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: But I was won, my Lord, With the first glance that ever——Pardon me—— If I confess much, you will play the Tyrant: I love you now, but not 'till now, so much But I might master it——in faith I lie—— My thoughts were like unbridled Children, grown Too head-strong for their Mother; see we Fools, Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to our selves? But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not, And yet good faith I wisht my self a Man, Or that the Women had Mens privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my Tongue, For in this Rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent; see, your Silence Coming in dumbness, for my weakness draws My Soul of Counsel from me. Stop my Mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet Musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith. [Kissing.

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a Kiss: I am asham'd;——O Heav'ns, what have I done!—— For this time, will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! and you take leave 'till to Morrow Morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

C

Tro

50 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own Company.

Troi. You cannot shun your self.

Cre. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:

But an unkind self, that it self will leave,

To be another's Fool. Where is my Wit?

I would be gone: I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I shew more Craft than Love,

And sell so roundly to a large Confession,

To angle for your Thoughts: But you are wise,

Or else you love not; for to be wise and love.

Exceeds Man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a Woman;

And if it can, I will presume in you,

To feed for ay her lamp and flames of Love,

To keep her Constancy in plight and youth,

Out-living Beauties outward, with a Mind

That doth renew swifter than Blood decays.

Or that Perswasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnowed purity in Love:

How were I then uplifted! But alas,

I am as true as Truth's Simplicity,

And simpler than the Infancy of Truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous Fight,

When right with right wars, who should be most right?

True Swains in Love, shall in the World to come

Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their Rhimes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes: Truth tried with Iteration,

As true as Steel, as Plantage to the Moon,

As Sun to Day, as Turtle to her Mate,

As Iron to Adamant, as Earth to th' Center:

Yet after all comparisons of truth.

(As Truth's Authentick Author to be ed)

As true as *Troilus*, shall crown up the verse,

And

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And sanctifie the Numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be.

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it self,
When Water-drops have worn the Stones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion swallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let Memory,
From false to false, among false Maids in love,
Upbraid my Falsehood; when they've said as false
As Air, as Water, as Wind, as sandy Earth;
As Fox to Lamb, as Wolf to Heifer's Calf;
Pard to the Hind, or Step-dame to her Son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the Heart of Falsehood,
As false as *Cressid*.

Pan. Go to, a Bargain made: Seal it, seal it. I'll be the
Witness. Here I hold your Hand; here my Cousin's; If
ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such
Pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-between
be call'd, to the World's end, after my Name: Call them
all *Panders*; let all constant men be *Troilus*, all false
Women *Cressida*'s, and all Brokers between, *Panders*;
say, Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which Bed, be-
cause it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press
it to Death: Away.

And *Cupid* grant all Tongue-ty'd Maidens here,
Bed, Chamber, and *Pander*, to provide this geer. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Menelaus
and Calchas.*

Cal. Now, Princes, for the Service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: Appear it to your Mind,
That through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my Possession,

52 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Incurr'd a Traitor's Name, expos'd my self,
From certain and possess'd Conveniences,
To doubtful Fortunes, sequestering from me all
That Time, Acquaintance, Custom, and Condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my Nature:
And here to do you Service and become
As new into the World, strange, unacquainted,
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many Registred in Promise,
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan Prisoner, call'd *Anthenor*,
Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you Thanks therefore)
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great Exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: But this *Anthenor*,
I know, is such a wrest in their Affairs,
That their Negotiations all must slack,
Wanting this Manage; and they will almost
Give us a Prince o'th' Blood, a Son of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my Daughter: And her Presence
Shall quite strike off all Service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us: Good *Diomedes*,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
With all, bring Word, if *Hector* will to Morrow
Be answer'd in his Challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a Burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exit.]

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, in their Tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his Tent;
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive Eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?

If

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If so, I have Decision medicinable,
To use between our Strangeness and his Pride,
Which his own Will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: Pride hath no other Glass
To shew it self, but Pride; for supple Knees
Feed Arrogance, and are the proud Man's Fees.

Aga. We'll execute your Purpose, and put on
A form of Strangeness as we pass along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the Way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
You know my Mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says *Achilles*, would he ought with us?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good Day, good Day.

Men. How do you? How do you?

Achil. What, does the Cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good Morrow, *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good Morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next Day too.

[*Exeunt.*]

Achil. What mean these Fellows? Know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They pass strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their Smiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy Altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with Fortune,
Must fall out with Men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the Eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: For Men like Butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy Wings, but to the Summer;
And not a Man, for being simple Man,
Hath any Honour, but honour'd by those Honours
That are without him; as Place, Riches, Favour,

54 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Prizes of Accident, as oft as Merit :
Which when they fall (as being slippery standers)
The Love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Dye in the Fall: But 'tis not so with me,
Fortune and I are Friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these Mens Looks, who do methinks find out
Something in me not worth that rich Beholding,
As they have often given. Here is *Ulysses*.
I'll interrupt kis Reading—How now *Ulysses*?

Ulyf. Now, great *Thetis*' Son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyf. A strange Fellow here
Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath;
Nor feels not what he owes, but by Reflection,
As when his Virtues shining upon others,
Heat them, and they retort that Heat again
To the first Giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.
The Beauty that is born here in the Fate,
The Bearer knows not, but commends it self,
Not going from it self, but Eye to Eye oppos'd,
Salute each other, with each others Form.
For Speculation turns not to it self,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see its self; this is not strange at all.

Ulyf. I do not strain at the Position,
It is familiar; but at the Author's drift;
Who in his Circumstance, expressly proves
That no Man is the Lord of any thing,
(Tho' in and of him there is much consisting)
'Till he communicate his Parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
'Till he behold them formed in th' Applause,
Where they're extended! Which like an Arch reverb'rates
The Voice again, or like a Gate of Steel,
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back

His

His Figure and his Heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*.

Heav'ns! What a Man is there? A very Horse,
That has he knows not what Nature, what things are
Most abject in Regard, and dear in Use;
What things again most dear in the Esteem,
And poor in Worth: Now shall we see to Morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! O Heav'ns, what some Men do,
While some Men leave to do!

How some Men creep in skittish Fortune's Hall,
Whiles others play the Idiots in her Eyes:
How one Man eats into another's Pride,
While Pride is feasting in his Wantonness!
To see these *Grecian* Lords! why, even already,
They clap the Lubber *Ajax* on the Shoulder,
As if his Foot were on brave *Hector's* Breast,
And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it,
For they pass by me, as Misers do by Beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What, are my Deeds forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my Lord, a Wallet at his Back,
Wherein he puts Alms for Oblivion:
A great-fix'd Monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good Deeds past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done: Perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps Honour bright: To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty Male
In monumental Mock'ry: Take the instant way,
For Honour travels in a Streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the Path,
For Emulation hath a thousand Sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give Way
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an enter'd Tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or like a gallant Horse fall'n in first Rank,

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Lye there for pavement to the abject, near
 O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present
 Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
 For Time is like a fashionable Host,
 That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' Hand;
 And with his Arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the Corner; the Welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewel goes out sighing: O let not Virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was; for Beauty, Wit,
 High Birth, Vigour of Bone, Desert in Service,
 Love, Friendship, Charity, are Subjects all
 To envious and calumniating Time:
 One touch of Nature makes the whole World Kin;
 That all with one consent praise new-born Gauds,
 Tho' they are made and moulded of things past,
 And go to Dust, that is, a little Gilt;
 More Laud than Gilt o'er-dusted:
 The present Eye praises the present obj^t.
 Then marvel not, thou great and compleat Man,
 That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
 Since things in motion 'gin to catch the Eye,
 Than what not stirs; the Cry went out on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again;
 If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
 And case thy Reputation in thy Tent;
 Whose glorious Deeds, but in these Fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
 And drove great *Mars* to Faction.

Achil. Of this my Privacy,
 I have strong Reasons.

Ulys. But 'gainst your Privacy,
 The Reasons are more potent and heroical:
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in Love
 With one of *Priam's* Daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulys. Is that a wonder?
 The Providence that's in a watchful State,
 Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* Gold;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep,
 Keeps place with thought; and almost like the Gods

Does

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Does thoughts unveil in their dumb Cradles:
 There is a Mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the Soul of State;
 Which hath an Operation more divine,
 Than Breath of Pen can give expresseure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
 To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
 But it must grieve young *Pyrhus* now at home,
 When Fame shall in his Island sound her Trump;
 And all the *Greekish* Girls shall tripping sing,
 Great *Hector's* Sister did *Achilles* win;
 But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my Lord—I, as your Lover, speak;
 The Fool slides o'er the Ice that you should break;

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles* have I mov'd you;
 A Woman, impudent, and mannish grown,
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man,
 In time of Action: I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think my little stomach to the War,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse your self; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
 Shall from your Neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And like a dew-drop from the Lion's mane,
 Be shook to Air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*!—

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much Honour by him.

Achil. I see my Reputation is at Stake,
 My Fame is shrewdly ger'd.

Patr. O then beware:

Those wounds heal ill that Men do give themselves:
 Omission to do what is necessary,
 Seals a Commission to a blank of Danger,
 And Danger, like an Ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus*,
 I'll send the Fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
 T'invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the Combar,
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a Woman's longing.

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An Appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great *Hector* in the weeds of Peace.

Enter Therites.

To talk with him, and to behold his Visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd—

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the Field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to Morrow with *Hector*; and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall Cudgelling, that he raves, in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a Peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an Hostess that hath no Arithmetick, but her Brain to set down her Reckoning; bites his Lip with a politick regard, as who should say, there were Wit in his Head, and 'twou'd out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as Fire in a Flint, which will not shew without knocking. The Man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his Neck i'th' Combat, he'll break't himself in Vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, Good morrow, *Ajax*. And he replies, Thanks *Agamemnon*. What think you of this Man, that takes me for the General? He's grown a very Land-fish——languageless——a Monster; a plague of Opinion, a Man may wear it on both sides, like a Leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him, *Therites*.

Ther. Who I?—why he'll answer no Body; he professes not answering, speaking i' for Beggars; he wears his Tongue in's Arms; I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe Conduct for his Person, of the Magnanimous and most Illustrious, six or seven times honour'd Captain General of the Grecian Army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr.

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Patr. Jove bleſs great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. And to procure ſafe Conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*!

Patr. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my Heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to Morrow be a fair Day, by eleven a Clock, it will go one way or other; how ſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my Heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus; what Muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knockt out his Brains, I know not. But I am ſure none; unleſs the Fidler *Apollo* get his Sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable Creature.

Achil. My Mind is troubled like a Fountain ſtir'd, And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it. *Exit.*

Ther. Would the Fountain of your Mind were clear again, that I might water an Aſs at it; I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than ſuch a valiant Ignorance.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter at one Door Æneas with a Torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes with Torches.

Par. SEE ho, who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in Person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my Bed-mate of my Company.

Dio. That's my Mind too: Good Morrow, Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*, take his Hand,
Witness the process of your Speech within;
You told, how *Diomedes*, a whole Week, by Days
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black Defiance
As Heart can think, or Courage execute.

Dio. The one and th' other *Diomedes* embraces.
Our Bloods are now in calm, and so long, health;
But when Contention and Occasion meet,
By Force, I'll play the Hunter for thy Life,
With all my Force, Pursuit and Policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a Lion that will lie:
With his Face backward in human gentleness:
Welcome to Troy—now by *Anchises'* Life,
Welcome indeed—By *Venus'* Hand I swear,
No Man alive can love in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize. *Jove* let *Æneas* live
(If to my Sword his Fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleat courses of the Sun:
But in mine emulous Honour let him die,
With every Joint a wound, and that to Morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par.

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Par. This is the most despighfull & gentle Greeting,
The noblest, hateful Love, that e'er I heard of.
What Business, Lord, so early?

Ane. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; it was, to bring this Greek
To Calchas' House, and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Antenor*, the fair *Cressid*.
Let's have your Company; or if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think
(Or rather call my Thought a certain Knowledge)
My Brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole Quality whereof, I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Ane. That I assure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to Greece,
Than *Cressid* born to Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.
On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Ane. Good morrow all. [Exit *Ane*.]

Par. And tell me, Noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Even in the Soul of good sound Fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?
My self or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her that doth seek her
Not making any scruple of her Soilure,
With such a Hell of pain, and world of Charge.
And you as well to keep her that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her Dishonour,
With such a costly loss of Wealth and Friends;
He, like a puling Cuckold, would drink up
The Lees and Dregs of a flat tamed Piece;
You, like a Letcher, out of whorish Loins,
Are pleas'd to breed out your Inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, with heavier for a Whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.

Dio.

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Dio. She's bitter to her Country: Hear me, *Paris*,
For every false drop in her bawdy Veins
A *Grecian's* Life hath sunk; for every Scruple
Of her contaminated Carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good Words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd Death.

Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as Chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this Virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your self; the Morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my Uncle down:
He shall unbolt the Gates.

Troi. Trouble him not——
To Bed, to Bed—sleep seal those pretty Eyes,
And give a soft Attachment to thy Senses,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I prythee now to Bed.

Cre. Are you a-weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida*! but that the busy Day
Wak'd by the Lark, has rous'd the Ribald Crows,
And dreaming Night will hide our Eyes no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

[*stays,*

Troi. Beshrew the Witch! with venomous wights she
As hideously as Hell; but flies the grasps of Love,
With Wings more momentary, swifter than Thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Prithee tarry—you Men will never tarry—
O foolish *Cressida*— I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. *within*] What's all the Doors open here?

Troi. It is your Uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A Pestilence on him; now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a Life——

Pan.

TROILUS and GRESSIDA. 63

Pan. How now, how now? how go Maiden-heads?
Hear, you Maid; where's my Cousin *Cressid*?

Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Uncle:
You bring me to do — and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say, what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, belshrew your Heart; you'll ne'er
be good; not suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor Wretch; a poor *Chispechia*,
hast not slept to Night? Would he not (a naughty Man)
let it sleep; a Bug-bear take him. [One knocks.]

Cre. Did I not tell you? — Would he were knock'd i'th'
Head. — Who's that at Door? — Good-Uncle go and see —
My Lord, come you again into my Chamber: —
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha —

Cre. Come you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.
How earnestly they knock — Pray you come in. [Knock.]
I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [Exeunt.]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the Door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-Morrow Lord, good-Morrow.

Pan. Who's there, my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth, I
knew you not; What News with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll
be sworn; for my own part, I came late: What should
he do here?

Æne. Who — nay, then: — Come, come, you'll do him
wrong, ere y'are aware: You'll be so true to him, to be
false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch
him hither, go.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so harsh: There is at hand,

Paris your Brother, and *Deiphobus*,
 The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Anthenor*
 Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first Sacrifice, within this Hour,
 We must give up to *Diomedes'* Hand
 The Lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Aene. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*;
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How many Achievements mock me!
 I will go meet them; and my Lord *Aeneas*,
 We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Aene. Good, good, my Lord; the secreters of Nature
 Have not more Gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.

Enter *Pandarus* and *Cressida*.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost: The Devil
 take *Anthenor*; the young Prince will go mad: A Plague
 upon *Anthenor*; I would they had broke's Neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah! ———

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my Lord?
 gone? Tell me, sweet Uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the Earth, as I am
 above.

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prishee get thee in; would thou had'st ne'er
 been born: I knew thou would'st be his Death. O poor
 Gentleman! A Plague upon *Anthenor*.

Cre. Good Uncle, I beseech you, on my Knees, I be-
 seech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, Wench, thou must be gone:
 thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*; thou must go to thy Fa-
 ther, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'Twill be his Death;
 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O ye immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, Uncle: I have forgot my Father.
 I know no touch of Consanguinity:
 No Kin, no Love, no Blood, no Soul so near me,
 As the sweet *Troilus*: O you Gods divine!

Make

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 65

Make *Cressid's* name the very Crown of Fallhood,
If ever she leave *Troilus*: Time and Death,
Do to this Body what extremity you can;
But the strong Base and building of my Love
Is, as the very centre of the Earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will go in and Weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright Hair, and scratch my praised
Cheeks,

Crack my clear Voice with Sobs, and break my Heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*. [Exit.

Enter *Paris*, *Troilus*, *Aeneas*, *Deiphobus*, *Antenor*,
and *Diomedes*.

Par. It is great Morning, and the Hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon: Good my Brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her House:
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his Hand when I deliver her,
Think it an Altar, and thy Brother *Troilus*,
A Priest, there offering to it his Heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,
And would, as I shall pity, I could help.
Please you walk in, my Lords. [Exeunt.

Enter *Pandarus* and *Cressida*.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The Grief is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no less in a Sense as strong, as that
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my Affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder Palate,
The like Allayment could I give my Grief;
My Love admits no qualifying Cross.

Enter *Troilus*.

No more my Grief in such a precious Loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a sweet Duck—

Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

Pan.

66 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. What a Pair of Spectacles is here! let me embrace too: Oh Heart, as the goodly saying is; O Heart, heavy Heart, why fittest thou without breaking? where he answers again;—Because thou can'st not ease thy smart by Friendship, nor by speaking; there was never a truer Rime; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a Verse; we see it, we see it: How now, Lambs?

Troi. *Cressida*, I love thee in so strange a Purity, That the blest Gods, as angry with my Fancy, More bright in Zeal, than the Devotion which Cold Lips blow to their Deities, take thee from me:

Cre. Have the Gods Envy?

Pan. Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, 'tis too plain a Case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful Truth.

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From Troy, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly: While injury of Chance Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our Lips Of all rejoyndure: forcibly prevents Our lock'd Embrasures; strangles our dear Vows, Even in the Birth of our own labouring Breath. We two, that with so many thousand Sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell our selves, With the rude brevity and discharge of one; Injurious time, now, with a Robber's haste, Crams his rich Thiev'ry up, he knows not how. As many farewells, as be Stars in Heaven, With distinct Breath, and consign'd Kisses to them, He fumbles up all in one loose adieu; And scants us with a single famish'd Kiss, Distasted with the Salt of broken Tears.

Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd, Some say, the Genius so Cries, Come, to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have Patience, she shall come anon.

Pan.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 67

Pan. Where are my Tears? Rain to lay this Wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the Root.

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woful *Cressid*, 'mongst the merry *Greeks*.

Troi. When shall we see again?

Hear me, my Love, be thou but true of Heart——

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use *Expostulation* kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy Heart;

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent Protestation: Be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cre. O you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: But I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow Friend with danger:
Wear this Sleeve.

Cre. And you this Glove.

When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian Centinels*
To give thee nightly Visitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O Heav'ns! be true again.

Troi. Hear while I speak it, Love:
The *Grecian* Youths are full of subtile Qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gift of Nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with Arts and Exercise;
How Novelties may move, and Parts with Person—
Alas, a kind of godly Jealousie,
Which I beseech you, call a virtuous Sin,
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O Heav'ns, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then:

In this I do not call your Faith in question

So manly as my Merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor sweeten Talk;

Nor play at subtile Games; fair Virtues all——

To

68 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant;
But I can tell, that in each Grace of these,
There lurks a still and dumb discourfivè Devil,
That tempts most cunningly : But be not tempted.

Cre. Do not think I will.

Troi. No, but something may be done that we will not;
And sometimes we are Devils to our selves,
When we attempt the frailty of our Powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord.

Troi. Come kifs, and let us part.

Paris within. Brother *Troilus*.

Troi. Good Brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true ?

Troi. Who I ? Alas, it is my Vice, my Fault :
While others fish with Craft for great Opinion,
I, with great truth, catch mere Simplicity :
While some with cunning gild their Copper Crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare :

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Fear not my Truth ; the Moral of my Wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliver you.

At the Port, (Lord) I'll give her to thy Hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair, and by my Soul, fair *Greek*,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my Sword,

Name *Cressid*, and thy Life shall be as safe

As *Priam* is in *Ilian*.

Diom. Fair Lady *Cressid*,

So please you, save the Thanks this Prince expects :

The lustre in your Eye, Heav'n in your Cheek,

Pleads your fair usage, and to *Diomede*

You shall be Mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the Seal of my Petition toward thee
By praising her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy Praises,

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

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As thou unworthy to be call'd her Servant:
Charge thee use her well, even for my Charge:
Or by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy Guard)
I'll cut thy Throat.

Diom. Oh be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*;
Let me be privileg'd by my Place and Message,
To be a Speaker free: When I am hence,
I'll answer to my Lust: And know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: But that you say, be't so:
I'll speak it in my Spirit and Honour—— No.
Troi. Come to the Port—— I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This Brave shall oft makē thee to hide thy Head:
Nay, give me your Hand—— and as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful Talk.

[Sound Trumpet.

Par. Hark, *Hector's* Trumpet!

Aene. How have we spent this Morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the Field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus'* fault. Come, come to Field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a Bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on *Hector's* Heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
In his fair Worth, and single Chivalry.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II. The Grecian Camp.

Enter *Ajax* armed, *Agamemnon*, *Achilles*, *Patroclus*,
Menelaus, *Ulysses*, *Nestor*, *Calchas*, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating Time. With starting Courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a loud nore to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled Air
May pierce the Head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou Trumpet, there's my Purse;
Now crack thy Lungs, and split thy Brazen Pipe:

Blow

70 TROLLUS and CRESSIDA.

Blow Villain, till thy sphered bias Cheek
Out-swell the Cholick of puffed *Aquilon* :
Come stretch thy Chest, and let thine Eyes spout Blood
Thou blowest for *Hector* :

Ulys. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Enter Diomede and Cressida.

Aga. Is't not young *Diomede* with *Calchas'* Daughter?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his Gate,
He rises on his Toe; that Spirit of his
In Aspiration lifts him from the Earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressida*?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet Lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a Kiss.

Ulys. Yet is your Kindness but particular; twere
better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly Counsel: I'll begin. So much
for *Nestor*.

Achil. I'll take that Winter from your Lips; fair
Lady, *Achilles* bids you welcome.

Men. I had good Argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no Argument for kissing now,
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his Hardiment.

Ulys. Oh deadly Gall, and theme of all our Scorn,
For which we lose our Heads to gild his Horns.

Patr. The first was *Menelaus'* kiss, —this mine—
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O this trim,

Patr. *Paris* and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my Kiss, Sir: Lady, by your leave,

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,

The kiss you take is better than you give, therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd Man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd Man, Lady? every Man is odd.

Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 71

Men. You fillip me o'th'head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyf. It were no match, your Nail against his Horn;
May I, sweet Lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyf. I do desire it.

Cre. Why beg then.

Ulyf. Why then, for *Venus*' sake give me a kiss:
When *Helen* is a Maid again, and his——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyf. Never's my day, and then a Kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word--- I'll bring you to your Father--

Nest. A Woman of quick Sense.

[*Diomedes leads out Cressida, then returns.*]

Ulyf. Fie, fie upon her:

There's Language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip:

Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton Spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her Body:

Oh, these Encounters are so glib of Tongue,

They give a coaxing welcome ere it comes:

And wide unclasp the Tables of their Thoughts,

To ev'ry tickling Reader: Set them down,

For sluttish spoils of Opportunity,

And Daughters of the Game.

[*tendants.*]

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Helenus and At-

All. The *Trojans* Trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.

Ane. Hail all you state of *Greece*; what shall be done

To him that Victory commands? or do you purpose

A Victor shall be known? Will you, the Knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any Voice, or order of the Field?

Hector bad ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Ane. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Ane. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your Name?

Ach.

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Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Aene. Therefore *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this
Is the extremity of great and little:

Valour and Pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that which looks like Pride, is Curtesie;
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* Blood,
In Love whereof half *Hector* stays at home;
Half Heart, half Hand, half *Hector* comes to seek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A Maiden Battle then? O, I perceive you.

Ag. Here is Sir *Diomedes*: Go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Aeneas*
Consent upon the order of their Fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breach, the Combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Ajax. What *Trojan* is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest Son of *Priam*,
And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of Word,
Speaking in Deeds, and deedless in his Tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd.
His Heart and Hand both open, and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shews;
Yet gives he not till Judgment guide his Bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair Thought with Breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous.
For *Hector* in his blaze of Wrath subscribes
To tender Objects; but he in heat of Action
Is more vindicative than jealous Love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus says *Aeneas*, one that knows the Youth,
Even to his Inches: and with private Soul,
Did in great *Ilium* thus translate him to me. [*Alarum.*]

Ag. They are in Action. [*Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Nest. Now *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st; awake thee.

Ag.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 73

Aga. His Blows are well dispos'd; there *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:

Thou art, great Lord, my Father's Sister's Son;

A Cousin German to great *Priam*'s Seed:

The obligation of our Blood forbids

A gory Emulation 'twixt us twain;

Were thy Commixion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say, this Hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the Sinews of this Leg

All Greek, and this all Troy: My Mother's B'ood

Runs on the dexter Cheek, and this Sinister

Bounds in my Father's: By *Jove* multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish Member

Wherein my Sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud; but the just Gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy Mother,

My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal Sword

Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:

By him that Thunders, thou hast lusty Arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus—

Cousin, all honour to thee.

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*!

Thou art too gentle, and too free a Man:

I came to kill thee, Cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy Death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,

On whose bright Crest, Fame with her loud'st O yes,

Cries, this is he, could promise to himself

A thought of added Honour torn from *Hector*.

Æne. There is expectance here from both th: sides:

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:

The issue is Embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in Entreaties find success,

As feld I have the chance; I would desire

D

My

74 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me:
And signifie this loving Interview

To the expectors of our Trojan part:

Desire them home: Give me thy Hand, my Cousin:
I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching Eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of Arms, as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an Enemy,
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of Oblivion:

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing,
Bids thee with most divine Integrity,

From Heart of very Heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most Imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To Troil.]

Men. Let me confirm my Princely Brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Aene. The Noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O---you my Lord---by *Mars* his Gauntlet thanks,
Mock not, that I affect th'entraded Oath,
Your *quondam* Wife I wear still by *Venus* G'love,
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly Theme.

Hect. O pardon---I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft
Labouring for Destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* Youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And teen thee scouring Forlens and Subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd Sword i'th' Air,

Not

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 75

Not letting it decline on the declined:
That I have said unto my Standers-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder-dealing Life.
And I have seen thee pause, and takethy Breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wrestling. Thus I have seen,
But this thy Countenance, still lock'd in Steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
And once fought with him; he was a Soldier good,
But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old Man embrace thee,
And, worthy Warrior, welcome to our Tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd Hand in Hand with Time,
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my Arms could march thee in Contention,
As they contend with thee in Courtesie.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white Beard I'd fight with thee to
Morrow, Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time.

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder City stands,
When we have here the Base and Pillar by us.

Hect. I know your Favour, Lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw your self and *Diomed*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* Embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My Prophesie is but half his Journey yet,
For yonder Walls that partly front your Town;
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buss the Clouds,
Must kiss their own Feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* Stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* Blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one Day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;

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After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, Lord *Ulysses*, thou:
Now *Hector*, I have fed mine Eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I prithee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a Book of Sport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine Eye?

Achil. Tell me, ye Heav'ns, in which part of his Body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the local Wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great Spirit flew. Answer me, Heav'ns.

Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud Man,
To answer such a Question: Stand again,
Think'st thou to catch my Life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice Conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the Forge that ftythied *Mars* his Helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea o'er and o'er.
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His Insolence draws Folly from my Lips,
But I'll endeavour Deeds to match these Words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Cousin;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,

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If you have Stomach. The general State, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the Field,
We have had pelting Wars since you refus'd
The *Grecian's* Cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To Morrow do I meet thee, fell as Death,
To Night, all Friends.

Hect. Thy Hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peers of *Greece* go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector's* Leisure, and your Bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him.
Beat loud the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow;
That this great Soldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calebas* keep?

Ulys. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomedes* doth feast with him to Night;
Who neither looks on Heaven nor on Earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Cressida*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. You shall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*; had she no Lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their Scars,
A mock is due: Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth.
But still, sweet Love is Food for Fortune's tooth,
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE before Achilles's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his Blood with *Greekish* Wine to Night,
Which with my Scimitar I'll cool to morrow.
Patroclus, let us Feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
Thou crafty batch of Nature, what's the News?

Ther. Why, thou Picture of what thou seem'st, and Idol
of Idiot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence Fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dith of Fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeon's Box, or the Patient's Wound.

Patr. Well Said, Adversity; and what need these Tricks?

Ther. Prithee be silent, Boy, I profit not by thy talk;
Thou art thought to be *Achilles's* Male-Varlet.

Patr. Male-Varlet, you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine Whore. Now the rotted Dis-
eases of the South, Guts-gripping, Ruptures, Catarrhs, loads
o' Gravel i'th' Backs, Lethargies, cold Passies, and the like,
take and take again such prep. sterous Discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable Box of Envy, thou, what
mean'st thou to Curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous Butt, you whoreson
indistinguishable Cur.

Ther. No? Why art thou then exasperate, thou idle
immaterial Skein of sleigh'd Silk: thou green Sarcenet
flap for a sore Eye; thou Tassel o' a Prodigal's purse,
thou? Ah, how the poor World is pestred with such Wa-
ter-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out Gall!

Ther. Finch Egg!

Achil.

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Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's Battel:

Here is a Letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A Token from her Daughter, my fair Love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An Oath that I have sworn. I will not break it,
Fall Greek, fall Fame, Honour, or go, or stay,
My major Vow lyes here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Thersites*; help to trim my Tent,
This Night in Banqueting must all be spent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [Exit.

Ther. With too much Blood, and too little Brain, these
two may run mad: But if with too much Brain, and too
little Blood, they do, I'll be a Curer of Mad-men. Here's
Agamemnon, an honest Fellow enough, and one that loves
Quails, but he hath not so much Brain as Ear-wax; and
the good Transformation of *Jupiter* there his Brother,
the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique Memorial of
Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horn in a Chain, hanging
at his Brother's Leg; to what Form, but that he is,
should Wit larded with Malice, and Malice forced
with Wit turn him to? to an Ass were nothing, he is
both Ass and Ox; to an Ox were nothing, he is both
Ox and Ass; to be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a
Toad, a Lizard, an Owl, a Puttock, or a Herring
without a Roe, I would not care: But to be *Menelaus*,
I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I
would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not to be
the Lowse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. Holy-
day, Spirits and Fires.

Enter *Hector*, *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Ulysses*, *Nestor*, and
Diomedes, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter *Achilles*.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Aga. So now fair Prince of Troy, I bid good Night,
Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

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Hect. Thanks, and good Night to the *Greek's* General.

Men. Good Night, my Lord.

Hect. Good Night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet Draught—sweet quoth a—sweet Sink,
sweet Sewer.

Achil. Good Night, and welcome, both at once, to
those that go or tarry.

Aga Good Night.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too, *Diomedes*;
Keep *Hector* Company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important Business,
The tide whereof is now; Good Night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your Hand.

Ulys. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Calchas's* Tent,
I'll keep you Company. [To Troilus.]

Troi Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good Night.

Achil Come, come, enter my Tent, [Exeunt.]

Ther. That same *Diomedes's* a false hearted Rogue, a most
unjust Knave: I will no more trust him when he leers,
than I will a Serpent when he hisses: He will spend his
Mouth and Promise, like *Brabler* the Hound; but when
he performs, Astronomers foretel it, that it is prodig-
ious, there will come some change: The Sun borrows of
the Moon, when *Diomedes* keep his word. I will rather
leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog him: They say,
he keeps a *Trojan* Drab, and uses the Traitor *Calchas*
his Tent. I'll after—Nothing but Leachery; all in-
continent Varlets. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Calchas's Tent.*

Enter *Diomedes*.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomedes*; *Calchas*, I think; where's your Daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter *Troilus* and *Ulysses*, after them *Thersites*.

Ulys. Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

Enter *Cressid*.

Troi. *Cressid* come forth to him!

Dio.

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Dio. How now, my Charge?

Cre. Now my sweet Guardian; hark, a word with you.
[*Whispers.*]

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulyf. She will sing to any Man at first sight.

Ther. And any Man may find her, if he can take her life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyf. List.

Cre. Sweet, Hony Greek, tempt me no more to Folly;

Ther. Roguery—

Dio. Nay, then.

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworn—

Cre. In faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling Trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I prithee do not hold me to mine Oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good Night.

Troi. Hold, Patience—

Ulyf. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomedes*.

Dio. No, no, good Night: I'll be your Fool no more;

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your Ear.

Troi. O! Plague and Madness!

Ulyf. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge it self
To wrathful Terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you—

Ulyf. Nay, good my Lord go off:

You flow to great distraction: Come, my Lord.

Troi. I pray thee stay.

Ulyf. You have not patience; come.

Tro.

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Troi. I pray you stay; by Hell, and Hell's Torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so good Night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulys. Why, how now, Lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian——why, *Greek*——

Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.

Cre. In Faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my Lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. She stroaks his Check.

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word.
There is between my Will, and all Offences,
A guard of Patience, stay a little while.

Ther. How the Devil Luxury with his fat Rump, and
Potato Finger, tickles these together: Fry, Letchery, fry.

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In Faith I will come; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[Exit.

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord,

I will not be my self, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all Patience.

Enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the Pledge, now, now, now.

Cre. Here *Diomedes*, keep this Sleeve.

Troi. O Beauty! where is thy Faith?

Ulys. My Lord.

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that Sleeve; behold it well:—
He lov'd me:—O false Wench:—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to morrow Night:

I prithee, *Diomedes*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.

Dio.

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Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O all you Gods——O pretty, pretty Pledge;
Thy Master now lyes thinking in his Bed,
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my Glove,
And gives memorial dainty Kisses to it:
As I kifs thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He that takes that, takes my Heart withal.

Dio. I had your Heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear Patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomed*: 'Faith you shall
I'll give you something else. (not,

Dio. I will have this: Whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all *Diana's* Waiting-women yonder,
And by her self, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my Helm,
And grieve his Spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy Horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not—
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou never shalt mock *Diomed* again.

Cre. You shall not go;——one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Her. Nor I, by *Pluto*: But that that likes not me,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour.

Cre. Ay, come:—O *Jove*!—do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell 'till then.

Cre. Good Night: I prithee come:
Troilus, farewell; one Eye yet looks on thee,

But

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But with my Heart, the other Eye doth see——

Ah poor our Sex; this fault in us I find,

The Error of our Eye, directs our Mind.

What Error leads, must err: O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by Eyes, are full of turpitude, [Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more;
Unless she say, my Mind is now turn'd Whore.

Ulys. All's done, my Lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my Soul,
Of every Syllable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a Truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my Heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert that test of Eyes and Ears;

As if those Organs had deceptions Functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troi. She was not sure.

Ulys. Most sure she was.

Troi. Why, my Negation hath no taste of Madness.

Ulys. Nor mine, my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for Woman-hood:

Think we had Mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn Criticks, apt without a Theme

For depravation, to square the general Sex

By *Cressid*'s Rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our
Mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own Eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomedes*' *Cressid*:

If Beauty have a Soul, this is not she:

If Souls guide Vows, if Vows are Sanctimony,

If Sanctimony be the Gods delight,

If there be Rule in Unity it self,

This is not she. O madness of Discourse!

That

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That Cause sets up, with and against thy self,
By foul Authority ; where Reason can revolt
Without Perdition, and Loss assume all Reason,
Without Revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*.
Within my Soul, there doth commence a fight
Of this strange Nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the Sky and Earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this Division
Admits no Orifice for a point, as subtle
As *Ariachne's* broken woof, to enter ;
Instance, O instance ! strong as *Pluto's* Gates ;
Cressid is mine, tied with the Bonds of Heav'n ;
Instance, O instance ! strong as Heav'n it self ;
The Bonds of Heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd,
And with another Knot five finger tied :
The Fractions of her Faith, orts of her Love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy Reliques,
Of her o'er-eaten Faith, are bound to *Diomede*.

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his Passion doth express ?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well ;
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his Heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*— never did young Man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a Soul—
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressida* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede* :
That Sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his Helm :
Were it a Cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* Skill,
My Sword should bite it : Not the dreadful Spout,
Which Shipmen do the Hurricano call,
Constring'd in Mass by the Almighty Finger,
Shall dizzy with more Clamour *Neptune's* Ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted Sword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his Concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid* ! O false *Cressid* ! false, false, false !
Let all Untruths stand by thy stained Name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O contain your self :
Your Passion draws Ears hither.

Exit

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Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord;
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax, your Guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troilus. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord,
adieu.

Farewel, revolted fair: And, *Diomedes*,
Stand fast, and wear a Castle on thy Head.

Ulysses. I'll bring you to the Gates.

Troilus. Accept distracted Thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas and Ulysses.]

Thersites. Would I could meet that Rogue *Diomedes*, I
would croak like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode:
Patroclus will give me any thing for the Intelligence of
this Whore: The Parrot will not do more for an Al-
mond, than he for a commodious Drab: Litchery,
Litchery, still Wars and Litchery, nothing else holds
fashion. A burning Devil take them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *Troy.*

Enter Hector and Andromache.

Andromache. When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his Ears against Admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hector. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

Andromache. My Dreams will sure prove ominous to day.

Hector. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cassandra. Where is my Brother *Hector*?

Andromache. Here Sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear Petition;
Pursue we him on Knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole Night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of Slaughter.

Cassandra. O tis true.

Hector. Ho! bid my Trumpet sound.

Cassandra. No Notes of Sally, for the Heav'ns, sweet Brother.

Hector. Be gone, I say: The Gods have heard me swear.

Cassandra.

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Cas. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish Vows ;
They are polluted Offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted Livers in the Sacrifice.

And. O be persuaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by Thefts,
And rob in the behalf of Charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the Vow;
But Vows to every purpose must not hold :
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine Honour keeps the Weather of my Fate ;
Life every Man holds dear; but the dear Man
Holds Honour far more precious-dear than Life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young Man; mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. *Cassandra*, call my Father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*]

Hect. No Faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy Harness, Youth:
I am to-day i'th' vein of Chivalry :

Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the War.
Unarm thee go; and doubt thou not, brave Boy,
I'll stand to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of Mercy in you ;
Which better fits a Lion than a Man.

Hect. What Vice is that? Good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the Captive *Grecians* fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair Sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools Play, by Heav'n, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For th' Love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the Hermit Pity with our Mothers ;
And when we have our Armours buckled on,
The venom'd Vengeance ride upon our Swords,
Spur them to ruful Work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fy, Savage, fy.

Troi. *Hector*, then 'tis Wars.

Hect.

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Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should withhold me?

Not Fate, Obedience, nor the Hand of *Mars*,
Beck'n'ng with fiery Truncheon my retire :
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on Knees,
Their Eyes o'er-galled with recourse of Tears;
Nor, you, my Brother, with your true Sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my Way;
But by my Ruin.

Enter Priam and Cassandra;

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast :
He is thy Crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back :
Thy Wife hath dreamt ; thy Mother hath had Visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I my self,
Am like a Prophet, suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee, that this Day is Ominous :
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Even in the Faith of Valour, to appear
This Morning to them.

Priam. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my Faith ;
You know me Dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your Consent and Voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Cas. O *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear Father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious Girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector* :
Look how thou diest ; look how thy Eyes turn pale ;
Look how thy Wounds do bleed at many vents ;

Mark

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Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* shrills her Dolour forth;
Behold Distraction, Frenzy and Amazement,
Like witless Anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector's* dead: O *Hector*!

Troi. Away.

Cas. Farewel: Yet, soft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou dost thy self, and all our *Troy* deceive. [Exit.]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her Exclaim:
Go in and cheer the Town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds of praise, and tell you them at Night.

Priam. Farewel: The Gods with safety stand about
thee. [Alarum.]

Troi. They are at it, hark: Proud *Diomedes*, believe,
I come to lose my Arm, or win my Sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a Letter come from yond poor Girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whorson Ptsick, a whorson rascally Ptsick,
so troubles me; and the foolish Fortune of this Girl, and
what one thing, and what another, that I shall leave you
one o' these days; and I have a Rheum in mine Eyes too,
and such an ach in my Bones, that unless a Man were
Curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she,
there?

Troi. Words, Words, meer Words; no Matter from
the Heart.

Th' Effect doth operate another way. [Tearing the Letter.]
Go Wind to Wind, here turn and change together:
My Love with Words and Errors still she feeds:
But edifies another with her Deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, Brothel, Lacquey, Ignominy and Shame
Pursue thy Life, and live ay with thy Name. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

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SCENE IV. *The Field between Troy
and the Camp.*

Alarum. Enter Therites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: That dissembling abominable Varlet, *Diomede*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young Knave's Sleeve of *Troy*, there in his Helm: I would fain see them meet, that, that same young *Trojan* Ass, that loves the Whore there, might send that *Greekish* Whore-masterly Villain, with the Sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious Drab, of a sleeveless Errand. O'th' t'other side, the Policy of those crafty swearing Rascals, that stale old Mouse-eaten dry Cheese, *Nestor*; and that same dog-fox *Ulysses* is not prov'd worth a Blackberry. They set me up in Policy that mungril Cur *Ajax*, against that Dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the Cur *Ajax* prouder than the Cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day. Whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim Barbarism, and Policy grows into an ill Opinion.

Enter Diomede and Troilus.

Soft—— here comes Sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for should'st thou take the River *Styx*, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall Retire:

I do not fly, but advantageous Care

Withdrew me from the odds of Multitude;

Have at thee.

(They go off fighting.)

Ther. Hold thy Whore, *Grecian*: Now for thy Whore, *Trojan*. Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector's* match? Art thou of Blood and Honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a Rascal; a scurvy railing Knave, a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee——live.

[Exit.]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me, but a plague-break thy Neck——for frightening me; what's become of the wenching Rogues? I think they have swallowed

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lowed one another. I would laugh at that Miracle—
yet in a fort, Letchery eats it self: I'll seek them: [Exit.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my Servant, take thou *Troilus'* Horse,
Present the fair Steed to my Lady *Cressid*:
Fellow, commend my Service to her Beauty:
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Ag. Renew, renew, the brisk *Polydamus*.
Hath beat down *Menon*: Bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* Prisoner,
And stands *Colossus* wife, waving his Beam,
Upon the pashed coarces of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Cedus*: *Polyxines* is slain;
Amphimachus and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful *Sagittary*
Appals our Numbers, haste we, *Diomede*,
To Reinforcement; or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus'* Body to *Achilles*.
And bid the Snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
There are a thousand *Hectors* in the Field:
Now here he fights on *Galathea* his Horse,
And there lacks work; anon he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled Skulls,
Before the belching Whale: Then is he yonder,
And there the straying *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the Mower's Swath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying Appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much.
That Proof is call'd Impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. Oh, Courage, Courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing Vengeance;
Patroclus' Wounds have rous'd his drowsy Blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,

That

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That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a Friend,
And foams at Mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick Execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless Force, and forceless Care,
As if that Luck in very spite of Cunning
Bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou Coward, *Troilus*. [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou Boy-killer, shew thy Face:

Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [Exit.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou Coward *Troilus*, shew thy Head,

Enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General,
Thou should'st have my Office,
Ere that Correction: *Troilus*, I say, what, *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh Traitor *Diomede*!

Turn thy false Face, thou Traitor,

And pay thy Life, thou owest me for my Horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone, stand *Diomede*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come, both you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.
[Exeunt fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought, my youngest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee, *Hector*.

Hect.

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Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

[*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy Courtesie, proud Trojan,
Be happy that my Arms are out of use,
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again :
Till when, go seek thy Fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well ;

I would have been much more a fresher Man,
Had I expected thee ; how now, my Brother ?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas ; shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious Heav'n
He shall not carry him : I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off : Fate, hear me what I say ;
I wreak not, though thou end my Life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek,
Thou art a goodly Mark :
No? wilt thou not ? I like thy Armour well,
I'll frush it, and unlock the Rivets all,
But I'll be Master of it ; wilt thou not, Beast, abide ?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy Hide. [*Exit.*]

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons.
Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel ;
Strike not a Stroke, but keep yourselves in Breath ;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your Weapons round about :
In fellest manner execute your Arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding Eye :
It is decreed, — Hector the Great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Therites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold, and the Cuckoldmaker are at it :
Now Bull, now Dog ; 'loo, Paris, 'loo ; now my double
hen'd Sparrow ; 'loo, Paris, 'loo ; the Bull has the
Game : ware Horns, ho. [*Exit Paris and Menelaus.*]

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, Slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Bast. A Bastard Son of Priam's.

Ther.

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Ther. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards, I am a Bastard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in Mind, Bastard in Valour, in every thing Illegit mate: One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? Take heed, the Quarrel's most ominous to us. If the Son of a Whore, fight for a Whore, he tempts Judgment: Farewel Bastard.

Eust. The Devil take thee Coward. [Exeunt.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified Core! so fair without: —
Thy goodly Armour thus hath cost thy Life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good Breath:
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of Blood and Death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, now the Sun begins to set;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his Heels:
Even with the veil and darking of the Sun,
To close the Day up, *Hector's* Life is done.

[They fall upon Hector and kill him.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. Strike, Fellows, strike, this is the Man I seek
So, *Hion*, fall thou: Now, *Troy*, sink down:
Here lies thy Heart, thy Sinews and thy Bone.

On, *Myrmidons*, cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain. [Exeunt.

Hark, a Retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* Trumpets sound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon Wing of Night o'erspreads the Earth,
And, Sickler-like, the Armies separates;
My half-sept Sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty Bit, thus goes to Bed.
Con e tyè his Body to my Horse's Tail,
Along the Field I will the *Trojan* trail. [Exeunt.

[Sound Retreat. Shouts.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedè,
and the rest Marching.

Aja Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest Peace, Drums.

Sci. *Achilles!* *Achilles!* *Hector's* slain, *Achilles!*

Dio. The Bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles.*

Ajav.

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Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be :
Great *Hector* was as good a Man as he.

Aga. March patiently along ; let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see us at our Tent.
If in his Death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp Wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Aene. Stand ho, yet are we Masters of the Field,
Never go home, here starve we out the Night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector* ! the Gods forbid !——

Troi. He's dead, and at the Murderer's Horse's Tail,
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful Field.
Frown on, you Heav'ns, effect your rage with speed ;
Sit Gods upon your Thrones and smile at *Troy*.
I say at once, let your brief Plagues be Mercy,
And linger not our fate Destructions on.

Aene. My Lord, you do discomfort all the Host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so :

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of Death,
But dare all imminent, that Gods or Men
Address their Dangers in. *Hector* is gone :
Who shall tell *Priam* so ? or *Hecuba* ?

Let him that will a Scritch-Owl be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hector*'s dead :
There is a word will *Priam* turn to Stone,
Make Wells, and *Niobes* of the Maids and Wives ;
Cool Statues of the Youth ; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Hector is dead : There is no more to say.

Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* Plains:

Let *Titan* rise, as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you. And thou great-siz'd Cow-
No space of Earth shall sunder our two Hates,
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked Conscience still,
That mouldeth Goblins swift as Frensie's Thoughts.

Strike a free march to *Troy*, with comfort go :

Hope

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Hope of Revenge shall hide our inward Woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you? hear you?

Troi. Hence, Brothel, Lacquey, Ignominy and Shame
[*Strikes him.*]

Pursue thy Life, and live ay with thy Name. [*Exeunt.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking Bones; Oh World! World! World! thus is the poor Agent despis'd: Oh, Traitors and Bauds; how earnestly are you set at Work, and how ill requited? Why should our Endeavour be so desir'd, and the Performance so loth'd? What Verse for it? what instance for it?— Let me see—

Full merrily the Humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his Honey and his Sting;
But being once subdu'd in armed Tail,
Sweet Honey and sweet Notes together fail.
Good Traders in the Flesh, set this in your painted Cloths;
As many as be here of *Pandar's* Hall,
Your Eyes half out, weep out at *Pandar's* Fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some Groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking Bones.
Brethren and Sisters of the hold-door Trade,
Some two Months hence, my Will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled Goose of *Winchester* would hiss;
Till then, I'll swear, and seek about for Eases,
And at that time bequeath you my Diseases. [*Exit,*]

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